

PLAYING WITH A PANTHER

Story of a Pioneer's Adventure in the Ohio Woods in the Early Days.

An Eight-Year Old Boy Found by His Father Romping With a Wild Cat.

A Rifle Shot Which Ended a Savage Animal's Career and Terribly Frightened His Playmate.

I once listened with great pleasure to a story of an old pioneer's adventure with a panther, when he was but a small boy, says a New Castle, Ind., correspondent. It happened on Four Mile Creek, Athens county, Ohio, only a few miles distant from the mouth of the Hocking river. A family by the name of Green had moved into the wilderness and built a rude log-cabin structure from a quarter to half a mile distant from the stream, and on quite an elevation of land. At that time the woods around them were full of deer, bears and panthers, and often the nights were rendered hideous by the near proximity of that terror, the timber wolf. The heads of the family were kept very busy during the day, and did not always notice the absence of the oldest child, a mere boy of eight years, and he some times wandered much further from the house than was safe. So one morning this boy (Owen was his name) wandered off as usual till he finally found his way down to the creek bottom. The mother, being quite busily engaged about her washing, supposed that the boy had gone with his father, who was out chopping, and hence she felt no uneasiness about his absence, believing that father and son would both come home together. But about noon the father came in and began looking around and asking for his son. The mother was astonished and became perfectly wild with fear when told by the father that he had not seen anything of the lad since leaving home in the morning. Both parents now began to describe a circle of the premises and called loudly for the boy, but received no answer, and the mother became almost distracted with grief.

The father returned to the house, procured his gun and concluded to make a more extended search. It was early in the fall, and the woods were unusually thick and heavy with foliage, and Mr. Green crept along, silently noting every sound, looking for signs and listening intently. After walking stealthily for perhaps fifteen minutes, he reached the banks of a small brook, and began following it down to where it emptied into Four-mile creek. Cautiously he tip-toed his way along on the sand bars or flat stones, and seemingly did not make even the slightest disturbance that could be noticeable. Just before reaching the mouth of the little brook he thought he discovered signs indicating the direction which his boy had taken. Indeed, he grew very confident, and being an old hunter and remarkable for his sagacity and keenness of sight, ranked the equal of the most expert savage of that day in tracking. Occasionally he would find a few leaves or pebbles misplaced but a short time before, and though there was but little water in the brook, yet he soon discovered that his boy had gone in that direction. But what startled him with sudden fear and sent shivers of terror to his heart was to observe, near the boy's tracks, the prints made by the feet of some very large animal and which had certainly passed along after the boy and was doubtless either still following or, perhaps, the father thought, had already killed the lad. The father did not know what course to pursue, but finally decided to move on more cautiously than ever, for he concluded that if the boy was already dead he could not possibly save him, but if still alive he might find him and kill the beast. Every minute the signs grew more and more distinct, and he felt certain that either the animal or the boy, or both, were very near, and that he might at any moment discover them.

Every few steps he stopped and listened, but could hear nothing. Then he got down and crawled along on his hands to some thick brush close beside the mouth of the small stream, and soon after began to peer all around him and through the thick foliage. As yet he could see nothing, for the thick foliage screened everything in front of him from view. But something, either instinct or affection for his child, seemed to firmly convince him that his lost son was very near, and he realized that he must steal inside the foliage, and he did so with extreme caution. When once inside he examined his gun to see that it was ready for action. Then he began to hunt a space between the leaves so as to look outward. There was but one place where he could see out, and that was slightly beneath the foliage and next to the ground.

He lowered his body carefully to take a glance, and just as his eyes reached a level with the opening he discerned an animal a few rods beyond him, and at once recognized it as the one whose tracks he had noticed in the creek bottom. It appeared to be playing with something, and as he brought his gun to his shoulder to fire, his curiosity caused him to hesitate, and with his weapon in rest he waited. The animal seemed to gambol around as a kitten, dropping down and rolling over and over, and would then jump up and spring over some object and whirl again and come back, and seemed perfectly delighted. It was a huge panther, and its antics were the queerest he had ever noticed. He suspected that it might be playing with the dead body of his son and could scarcely refrain from shooting, though he knew it was scarcely possible to kill the animal while it was moving about so friskily. So he decided to wait a better opportunity. A moment later he saw what he at first supposed to be another animal, but behind the creek bank. He now felt certain that there were two of the animals and his son must surely be dead. Suddenly, however, the first of the animals that he had seen sprang upon the end of a large hickory log that came down to within a few feet of the creek bed, and there it lay at full length wagging its tail as if in the very act of making a spring. Strange to say, scarcely had it jumped on the log ere the father saw the form of his own son step up close to the panther and seemingly toy with the animal's head and whiskers. The boy, too, stood directly between the panther and his father, so that the latter dared not shoot. The father, with breathless anxiety, waited for him to move away from in front of the animal, but strange to relate the boy seemed almost entranced to the spot. Seconds seemed as hours to the anxious parent and he feared that even yet he might not have an opportunity to rescue his son. At last, however, the boy turned his head slightly and it gave the father a chance to discern the panther's left eye, which was eagerly directed toward the boy. Still the father did not dare to shoot, for a sudden turn of the boy's face or head might result in the latter's immediate death from the rifle ball. Finally the boy did turn aside, exposing the panther's head to full view. The father now, with his eye riveted on the sights and on the panther, took steady aim at the panther's eye and fired. The animal gave a frightful scream, sprang straight in the air, and fell almost at the boy's feet, lifeless. The animal had been shot almost stone dead. But the boy was so terribly frightened that at first he ran as if to get away

from his father, and screamed loudly. The latter, however, as soon as he saw that the panther was dead, hurried quickly to the side of his boy almost overjoyed at the rescue. Snatching up his son the father ran home and presented the boy to his mother, and again the family were happy. The little lad gave quite an interesting account of how the "big cat" had come to him in the woods and what a splendid time they had playing together. That panther's skin was long kept in the family and was regarded as a sacred relic. The pioneer who related the story was the grown up boy who played in the woods alone with a wild panther.

People Who Fret.

"Care killed the cat," is a well known old saw. The force of it is in the fact that fret and worry will kill even an animal which is popularly said to have nine lives. Fretting and worrying may not kill you, but they will shorten your days, and what happiness is there in a life all cumbered with care? But how avoid worry? Well, Americans travel more than any other people on the globe, and probably discomforts and delays in traveling cause us greater annoyance than all other sources of fretting combined. The great Burlington system reaches all the principal cities of the west, and if you always select it as your route, you can banish fretting forever, so smooth is its track, so sumptuous and luxurious are its cars, and so appetizing and well cooked are the meals served on its diners. For tickets, and any information about this "People's favorite," call on your local agent, or write to W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, C. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Suit, druggist, Bips, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend electric bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my twenty years' experience, is electric bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that electric bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood; only a half dollar a bottle at R. S. Hale & Co.'s drugstore.

Peculiar

Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known remedies. It is a vegetable. Hood's Sarsaparilla is its strength and economy. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown. Sarsaparilla itself has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of cures, Hood's Sarsaparilla has no other preparation ever attained so rapidly nor held so steadfastly the confidence of all classes of people. Peculiar in the brain-work which it represents, Hood's Sarsaparilla combines all the knowledge which modern research has to itself developed, with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale in my hands, issued out of the district court of the first judicial district of Montana territory, in and for the county of Lewis and Clarke, in the suit of Alfred Hunt against Bridget Deering, duly entered the 24th day of September, 1889, I have levied upon the right, title and interest of the said Bridget Deering in and to the following described property, situated in Lewis and Clarke county, Montana territory, viz:

Lot No. five (5), in block No. nine (9), in the town of Marysville, in the county of Lewis and Clarke and territory of Montana, said lot being fifty (50) feet front on Grand street and one hundred (100) feet in depth according to the plat of said town of Marysville in the office of the county clerk and recorder of said Lewis and Clarke county, Montana territory.

Notice is hereby given that on Friday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1889, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, of said day, at the front door of the court house, city of Helena, Lewis and Clarke county, Montana territory, I will sell all right, title and interest of the said Bridget Deering in and to the said above described property, to the highest bidder for cash in hand.

Given under my hand this 25th day of September, A. D. 1889. CHAS. M. JEFFRIES, Sheriff.

By ISAAC HOLBROOK, Deputy Sheriff.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between John M. Buchanan and Adam Sommerfield is hereby dissolved by mutual consent, Adam Sommerfield retaining the business. All outstanding accounts will be collected by him and all debts of the firm will be paid by him.

ADAM SOMMERFIELD, JOHN M. BUCHANAN.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.—THE ANNUAL meeting of the stockholders of the Union Mining Co. for the election of trustees and such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of A. K. Barbour (Masonic building), Helena, Montana, on Thursday, October 10, 1889, at 7:30 p. m.

WILLIAM STEELE, Secretary.

Ming's Opera House,

JOHN MAGUIRE, Manager.

Are You in the City Directory?

2 NIGHTS and MATINEE 2 NIGHTS and MATINEE 2

Commencing Next

FRIDAY EVENING OCT. 11.

RUSSELL'S

Grand Farce Comedy Company, Presenting the Musical Sketch,

The City Directory,

—WITH—

CHARLIE REED,

The Favorite Comedian, and a Company of Artists.

SWEET SINGING! LOVELY COSTUMES! GRACEFUL DANCING!

Reserved seats on sale Wednesday morning at Pope & O'Connor's Drug Store.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS

FOR THE

FINEST RESIDENCE PROPERTY

IN OR NEAR HELENA.

BROOKE ADDITION,
BRADFORD ADDITION,
HIGHLAND PARK.

HOTEL and SEYMER PARKS, and
WALLACE'S SUBDIVISION
SYNDICATE ADDITION.

And have the Inside on ALL of the West Side Residence Property. If you want a LOT or a BLOCK, or a DOZEN LOTS, or a DOZEN BLOCKS, we can Accommodate you.

We have piped the AMES, BROOKE, BRADFORD and BELLEVUE additions for water, and are now Grading HAUSER BOULEVARD, which Will be the Finest Drive in the City, and the Shortest Road to the HOTEL BROADWATER.

Remember we are Headquarters for West Side Property, and call on or address

PORTER, MUTH & COX
Gold Block, - - Helena.

Ming's Opera House,

JOHN MAGUIRE, Manager.

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CONDENSED RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Montana Central.

DEPART.

St. Paul, Atlantic ex., St. Paul and east. 11:35 a. m.
Montana, Pacific ex., Butte and south. 1:30 p. m.
Helena and Butte ex., Butte and south. 3:15 a. m.
Marysville ex. 4:10 p. m.
Marysville ex. 7:30 a. m.

ARRIVE.

St. Paul, Atlantic ex., Butte and south. 11:25 a. m.
Montana, Pacific ex., St. Paul and east. 3:45 p. m.
Helena and Butte ex., Butte and south. 6:30 p. m.
Marysville ex. 10:40 a. m.
Marysville ex. 6:10 p. m.

Northern Pacific.

ARRIVE.

Through westbound. 2:50 p. m.
Through eastbound. 7:20 p. m.
Butte, Missoula and Helena ex. 12:20 p. m.
Marysville passenger. 8:40 a. m.
Rimini accom., Mon., Wed. and Fri. 5:00 p. m.
Wickes and Boulder passenger. 10:05 a. m.
Marysville accommodation. 2:30 p. m.

DEPART.

Through westbound. 3:15 p. m.
Through eastbound. 7:35 p. m.
Helena, Missoula and Butte ex. 7:45 a. m.
Marysville passenger. 8:50 a. m.
Rimini accom., Mon., Wed. and Fri. 7:15 a. m.
Wickes and Boulder passenger. 4:00 p. m.
Marysville accommodation. 10:00 a. m.

Union Pacific.

DEPART.

For all points east, south and west, via Montana Central and Butte. 4:00 p. m.
Via Northern Pacific and Garrison. 3:15 p. m.

ARRIVE.

From all points east, south and west, via Butte and Montana Central. 11:25 a. m.
Via Garrison and Northern Pacific. 12:20 p. m.

GO EAST

—VIA THE—

NORTHERN : PACIFIC

RAILROAD.

The Dining Car Route

—AND—

GREAT SHORT LINE

To All Eastern Cities!

250 Miles THE SHORTEST ROUTE To Chicago

and All Points East.

THE ONLY THROUGH CAR ROUTE

Low Rates, Quick Time, Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars.

TAKE THE

Scenic Route of the Northwest.

—THE—

MONTANA CENTRAL

—AND—

MARTIN'S ANITOB

RAILWAYS.

The New and Popular Short Line

—BETWEEN—

Helena, Wickes, Boulder, Butte, Marysville, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, and All Points East.

Solid Through Trains Daily

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Butte, Helena & St. Paul.

Palace Sleeping Cars, Luxurious Dining Cars.

Magnificent Day Coaches, and Free Sleeping Cars for Second-Class Passengers.

Safety, Comfort & Convenience for Our Patrons.

It will be the greatest endeavor of the management to run trains through on time.

C. W. PITTS, City Ticket Agt.

B. H. LANSLEY, Genl. Ticket Agt.

UNION PACIFIC TICKETS

ON SALE TO ALL

PRINCIPAL POINTS

EAST, WEST,

NORTH and SOUTH

—AT—

28 North Main Street,

HELENA, MONTANA,

A. E. VEAZIE, Passenger Agent.

A. LEWIS, G. A., Butte, Mont.

THE CHICAGO

MILWAUKEE &

ST. PAUL RY.

Is the Fast Mail Short Line from St. Paul and Minneapolis via La Crosse and Milwaukee to Chicago and all points in the Eastern States and Canada. It is the only line under one management between St. Paul and Chicago, and is the Finest Equipped Railway in the Northwest. It is the only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping cars with luxurious smoking rooms, and the finest dining cars in the world, via the famous "River Bank Route," along the shores of Lake Pepin and the beautiful Mississippi river to Milwaukee and Chicago. Its trains connect with those of the Northern lines in the Grand Union depot at St. Paul. No change of cars of any class between St. Paul and Chicago. For through tickets, time tables, and full information, apply to any coupon ticket agent in the northwest.